

The Washington Times

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
(Including Sunday)
By The Washington Times Company
THE MUNSIE BUILDING, PENNA. AVE.
FRANK A. MUNSEY, President.
R. H. TITHERTON, Secretary.
C. H. POPE, Treasurer.
One Year (Including Sunday) \$12.00
Six Months, \$7.50. Three Months, \$4.50.
Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1914.

MAKING EXPORTS GROW.

If the National Foreign Trade Convention, to be held in Washington on May 27 and 28 for the purpose of looking squarely in the face the problem confronting the further development of our overseas commerce desires to succeed, its participants will do well to appeal to the imagination of the public. While Congress seems strangely indifferent to the wealth-attracting importance of the export business, the foreign trade traditions of this country are dear to the hearts of patriotic citizens. Those brave days when our argosies filled the harbors of the world, when the stanchest of our citizenship was the seafaring class, and when New York, Boston, and Baltimore business reached to the furthest confines of civilization, make an appealing and inspiring page in our history.

A reincarnation of the spaciousness of those days appears to animate the captains of industry promoting the National Foreign Trade Convention.

THE NEW NATIONAL GUARD.

"The old army" and "the old navy," reference being to the military and naval establishments of ante-bellum days, are common phrases. We are entitled to coin a new one to go along with these, and to refer to "the new national guard."

If things go a very little while longer as they are now fading in Mexico we shall see a large section of the national guard on the way to the Mexican frontier, and it will prove itself a very different organization than the old guard of the days before the war with Spain.

It would be senseless to allege that anything like regular army organization and efficiency has been achieved in the national guard. But it would also be sheer blindness not to recognize that the State militia forces of today are vastly better than ever before. They have reached an effectiveness that insures that they would very soon, in actual service, be shaped into first-class fighting men, with the spirit and quality that made the soldiers of both North and South during the war between the States the greatest bodies of fighting men the world has known.

ALSACE-LORRAINE AGAIN

French people are convinced that Germany has set systematically about the business of expelling French citizens from Alsace-Lorraine. There are yet in the conquered provinces about 11,000 French citizens; many more who are French in everything save citizenship. These unreconstructed and un-reconstructible Frenchmen, who insist on sticking where their property and interests are, and yet who refuse to renounce their French allegiance, are particularly objectionable to the Berlin government. It has long been on the lookout for evidence of plottings between these Alsatian French and the politicians of the republic, and it realizes that these provinces would be a source of serious weakness to the empire in case of a war with France.

There are many thousands of Germans in France, doing all kinds of business, and they are fearful of French reprisals. Public opinion would insistently demand that if French citizens may not live in Alsace-Lorraine, then the privilege of doing business in France shall be denied to Germans. By that bargain the Germans would be ultimately losers; their big population tends constantly to stop over, while the French are doing everything possible to keep their people at home.

PAGE'S "DON'T WRITE."

Walter Hines Page seems to have grown bitter of late. When he is giving advice one might expect him to say "Don't make speeches," but instead of that he made a speech and said "Don't write." This was at a dinner in London of the Royal Literary Fund for the Relief of Necessitous Authors, a society which exists in England because England is a starving place for writers.

Ambassador Page must be accepted as being in earnest when he says: "From the viewpoint of most barmy nations it is absurd for anybody to start to spend his life writing. Gambling is more likely to yield a steady income. It is an assured career and a fool's right to take it up who can avoid doing so."

No man starts to spend his life writing except a newspaper man, and the newspaper business is not all the ill-paid game some would

make it out to be. As for the idea of any person "starting to spend his life" writing books, nobody but an idiot, and usually a rich one, ever tries it; and in such cases no harm is done except to the spruce forests. The men in America that write books for a living are those that have proved to themselves that they can earn a living at it. The failures go back to something which fits them better.

Mr. Page's talk may be suited to England, where, as some wise men insist, there are only 50,000 "reading, thinking people." America is a different place. We of the United States may not have the very highest brows, but we haven't the very lowest. Every American-born person above the age of sixteen feels himself—and particularly herself—coupled to write a novel, a play or, at the very least, the scenario for a movie. Everybody reads and many long to write. And out of those who yield to the temptation come the few that make literature. The process is one of elimination, with many eliminated; but the more that make the try the higher must become the merits of the books and authors that survive as the era's standard.

A BLOCKADE, OR NOT?

The American posture in Mexico seems to be anomalous. Our fleet and army have seized Vera Cruz and sent away a shipload of munitions of war destined to the Huerta forces. It was widely published that the immediate occasion for seizing Vera Cruz was the necessity of keeping these war supplies from reaching the Mexico City authorities. Yet no blockade of Mexico has been proclaimed. Our ships are sufficient in number and strength to bottle up the country and shut out such supplies. But today comes the story the Puerto Rico, another Gulf coast town, is about to receive another big shipment of arms, and that there is no naval force at hand to head them off.

If Washington has undertaken to keep military supplies out of the Huerta territory why does it not adopt effective regulations and measures to do so? That is a question which many people are asking, and for which the answer does not seem at all obvious.

Hesitation about seizing Puerto Mexico as Vera Cruz was seized, and for the same reason, is said to be based on the Administration's dislike of committing such an act of war against Mexico. But the seizure of Puerto Mexico be any more an act of war than was the taking of Vera Cruz? With a large and rapidly increasing American force at Vera Cruz, with the American flag flying over the town, with the Mexicans on the outside amassing forces with the apparent purpose of attacking our position or at least menacing it—with all these conditions existent, wherein would the warlike aspect be made essentially worse if another port be seized?

The United States has been drawn into a mediation project which pretty nearly everybody now regards as hopeless. All that it seems likely to accomplish is the embarrassment of this Government. It has not ended the war in Mexico because the constitutionalists have refused to join in the armistice and suspend their operations against Huerta. But that armistice is now an obstacle to the seizure of Puerto Mexico, and the possibilities of further and more difficult complications become apparent.

OFFICE BOY FINANCING.

Gentlemen who are conducting deals involving many millions of dollars, don't call in the office boy, elect him director and treasurer, handle their millions on checks written by him without knowing what it's all about, and then burn the books recording these transactions, unless they have some excellent reasons.

Neither do gentlemen, after taking so much pains to conceal all record of their performances, forget with such marvelous facility as the operators in New Haven would have us believe.

Judge Prouty found that about \$12,000,000 of New Haven money had vanished into thin air. The investigation of the wonderful activities of the Billard Company has pointed out the process by which it disappeared; but it is not yet made very clear exactly who were the ultimate beneficiaries of the performance.

Those millions that were manipulated out of the resources of the New Haven can probably be in part at least, recovered. Nothing less than the most drastic action for their recovery will be permissible now. If there is not some way to hold responsible the men actually and finally responsible for the payment of many millions of dividends by the New Haven after the road was actually running behind, there is need for law on that subject without delay. The spectacle of an old, solid, conservative property like this one, paying some \$60,000,000 in dividends but not earned; paying them simply because the truth about its affairs could be concealed, and money

borrowed on its credit, to be used to pay the dividends and still maintain that false structure of credit—that spectacle has not been matched, on anything like the same scale, in any of the reckless manipulations of high finance. It is an egregious and extreme case. It demands, for the name of American self-respect at home, and the standing of American business abroad, that nobody shall be spared from full accountability for his part in the looting. The men who got the loot must be made to return it; and after that they must be punished as severely as the law will permit. It is not to be believed that there is no lot to meet such gross frauds as this.

LIKE FALLING ROME.

Simply amazing, in extent and variety, is the output of garden literature nowadays. We may consult everything from a four-volume encyclopedia of American horticulture to a handbook on the best method and practice of utilizing a backyard for an amateur's garden. It's all down in dollars and cents what it costs Mr. BacktotheLand to turn an abandoned farm into a going concern with money in the bank.

And yet the garden books do not seem to have had yet the proper effect on modern economic conditions, as we do not need so eminent an authority as Guglielmo Ferrero to inform us with his new book on "Ancient Rome and Modern America"—another garden book to a certain extent.

Prof. Ferrero finds a close resemblance between conditions in the United States today and those in Rome shortly before its decline and fall. He declares that the high cost of living is not due to the increase in gold or the protective tariff or the trusts, but to "excessive urbanization." He explains:

"The countryside has in the last half century been left too much to itself, and agriculture has been too much neglected, exactly as began to be the case in the Roman Empire at the beginning of the second century of the Christian era. It is easy to guess what must be the natural result of this lopsided arrangement. The cities grow bigger, industries increase in number, and in size, the luxury and the needs of the masses, crowded together in the cities, augment."

On the other hand, there is no proportionate increase in the productive power of the land, and so the increase in wealth is accompanied by an increasing scarcity of the fruits of the earth; the things which serve to clothe and feed us—cotton, linen, hemp, wool, cereals, meat, vegetables—nearly all rise in price much more than do manufactured goods. This explains the scarcity that vexes the cities in proportion to their growth in size.

We all seem to have heard that before—yes, before Prof. Ferrero wrote his garden book, before he wrote any books. But how to stop it? How to make amateur and professional gardeners go a-gardening in earnest. That's the problem.

LAND MORTGAGE BANKS

There is every reason to believe that the American farmer can be benefited by the creation of some system of land mortgage banking. That result has been produced in other countries, and it has been calculated that hundreds of millions could be saved annually in the mortgage interest paid by farmers if a proper adaptation of the European systems were in effect here.

But some of the plans that are being urged are quite too ambitious. For example, it would be dangerous, and would likely defeat the whole object, to undertake to enforce nationwide uniformity in the interest rate on farm loans. If the rate is to be the same in all localities, then those which have the highest, most secure, and most stable values in their lands will inevitably tend to draw all the money to themselves. The investor will prefer the best possible security, and the sections which can offer poorer security will find themselves without money. The high interest rate which is charged in the section where security is poorest, is compensation for the larger risk involved.

Land banks would probably be best and most effectively administered as State institutions. If the Federal Government wants to promote them, a project of loaning Federal credit in some fashion might be worked out. But the conditions of different States are so widely varying that it is almost certain that a Federal system would prove too rigid and inflexible to be adapted to the great range of needs. Even in the same neighborhood, values of land are so divergent that every farm loan may be said to be an individual affair.

Concert Today

By the U. S. Marine Band,
Potomac Drive, at 5 p. m.

WILLIAM H. SANTELMAAN,
Leader.
March, "Under Freedom's Flag."
Overture, "Rienzi."
Characteristic, "Caneing"
Waltz, "New Vienna"
Serenade, "Venetian"
March, "Staunch and True"
The Star-Spangled Banner.

Artistic, Analytic And Supermodest;
A Peculiar Temperament for Actress

EARLY
TRAINING IN THE
QUARTER LATIN.



Miss Janet Beecher Born in Missouri. Which Might Explain Some Things.

By GARDENER MACK.

Couple an artistic temperament with a Missouri birthright, and you have raw materials for strife, which is the case of Miss Janet Beecher. The casual collision of the well-known Kilkenny cats seem like the reunion of Lovey and Dovey after four hours of continuous separation while the honeymoon is still in the ascendant.

That is just generally true. And when—changing metaphor so quickly that the words almost lose the typewriter—we split the temperament three ways, we appear to turn our backs square, on every form of mediation from A. B. C. to the very bottom of the alphabet.

But once more we pause to note an exception. You are, for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the late Mr. Bret Harte's heathen Chinese had absolutely nothing on that mischievous vagrant to time and era who calls herself Opportunity, and who goes through the whole world, even into Missouri, whispering, screaming, snoring or in a dumb show of mysterious signs bestowing upon each son and daughter of Adam the magic "open sesame" to success.

A majority of the people who spend weary hours wondering why they are eternally doomed to turn a key in some other person's time clock, can charge their condition to their initial mistake of expecting the fair dame's knock of their doors to be preceded by the toll of a drum and a fanfare of the other instruments comprised in the conventional brass band. When the mystic lady and her boon companion, Destiny, are shaking their heads of tricks in the faces of the passersby in this vale of tears, it is their great delight to assume an infinite variety of disguises.

Who would suspect, for instance, that a career that sunk its first tendrils in the fertile soil of the good old State of Missouri, shaped its early destiny into a resemblance to the mail stork of a portrait painter, gave promise of flowering an interior decorator, would reach full bloom in a dedication of womanhood on the stage, so pure and wholesome that to qualify the type in any form of adjective superlative would make the classic task of painting the life of a gliding refined gold seem like a child's accomplishment. Miss Beecher has, of course, had all the ingredients of an artistic temperament. And that is precisely the reason that a career that began in the State of Missouri, shaped its early destiny into a resemblance to the mail stork of a portrait painter, gave promise of flowering an interior decorator, would reach full bloom in a dedication of womanhood on the stage, so pure and wholesome that to qualify the type in any form of adjective superlative would make the classic task of painting the life of a gliding refined gold seem like a child's accomplishment.

Miss Beecher is from Missouri. Miss Beecher has, of course, had all the ingredients of an artistic temperament. And that is precisely the reason that a career that began in the State of Missouri, shaped its early destiny into a resemblance to the mail stork of a portrait painter, gave promise of flowering an interior decorator, would reach full bloom in a dedication of womanhood on the stage, so pure and wholesome that to qualify the type in any form of adjective superlative would make the classic task of painting the life of a gliding refined gold seem like a child's accomplishment.

Born in Capital. She was born at Jefferson City, the capital city of Missouri. When she was a very little girl her family moved to Europe, for a change. The fact you have been in Jefferson City you can have no idea what a change there is coming to a person who moves from there to Europe.

Miss Beecher's family realized it right away. They lived first near the banks of the Thames, and later moved to the forebore of the Seine. She neither was like the good old Missouri, yet the Beecher girls managed to grow along, and acquire a fair and decent education. When the time came for her to choose a career, Miss Janet, who had developed a marked ability to draw pictures of people, was elected to follow the profession of portrait painting.



how easy it is for a lady to utilize a butterfly for a necktie. As it created a real laugh when published, which it was intended to do, Miss Beecher queried her chair to get any more pictures in magazine departments of humor than that there. And as the portrait painting business did not pan out at all—she closed up her shop and took a job as designer for a firm of interior decorators, who had great hopes, but only money enough to pay her \$5 per week.

She worked hard and faithfully for the eight dollars for a year or more, but when her employers ran out of money altogether, she decided there must be more lucrative fields for her talents, and went in search of them. It was at this period that Opportunity visited the Beecher ménage for the last time, and indicated that the stage was the proper sphere for the exercise of Miss Janet's superabundant energies. Her sister, Miss Olive Wyndham, had made a success on the stage. They had attributed this to the fact that an ancestor of the name of Quinn had once acted with Peg Woffington, and that something of dramatic talent was present in the mixture that made up the Beecher blood.

And so Miss Janet sought an opportunity to test just what percentage of the Quinn heritage had fallen to her lot. She was employed as an extra in the great Midway production of "The Two Orphans" a few years ago. She was little better than an ordinary extra, for she took part in the scene where all the fine ladies and gentlemen sing (and some of them sang part of one of the songs. She considered herself very lucky and strove hard to make good.

She made so very good that the next season she had a real part in another show, and it was not long before she was given the lead in "The Heir to the Hurrah" and went on the road with it. Her career from that time on was settled. It was the stage for her. She worked hard to overcome all the little portrait painting, interior decorating mannerisms which she believed would bar her progress, beginning with the habit of standing in pique contentment of a scene she should be acting, and going through all the faults she had found in her assay of her abilities.

To the great American public—the public that pays the freight on all Mr. Belasco's productions and thus testifies its regard for him and them in unmistakable terms—Miss Beecher first sprang into fame as the musician's wife in "The Concert." This was her first opportunity to typify womanhood on the stage.

Everybody saw "The Concert," and everybody knows what Miss Beecher did with that. Then she came forward with Arnold Bennett's "The Great Ad-

entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Powhatan today, in honor of Miss Zurborn, principal of the school, and the members of the senior class. Covers were laid for about ninety. After luncheon the seniors became the hosts and gave a theater party at Keith's, in compliment to Miss Zurborn and the juniors.

Next Friday afternoon there will be an exhibition of the spring work of the school. Mrs. Grant, wife of Capt. U. S. Grant 2nd, is visiting in Washington while Mrs. John Bassett Moore is in the city. Captain Grant is in Mexico with the army.

Miss Martha Bowers is spending several days in Philadelphia. Miss Helen Taft, en route home from Cincinnati, where she has been visiting. She will reach Washington on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Bowes Sayre and Mrs. Wilson's brother, Prof. Axson, are said to be in the city, but all the other guests who came on for the wedding of Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson and Mr. McAdoo have returned to their homes.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Sayre went for a long motor ride and in the evening they occupied a box at the Lafayette Theater with Miss Margaret Wilson, Prof. Axson, Miss Lettfield and Miss Stadelman.

The playhouse was the scene of a very delightful musical treat, which when Mrs. John Bassett Moore invited about her guests to hear John Dalton Baker sing. Mrs. Moore was assisted in receiving by her daughters, the Misses Moore; Miss Harriet Hawkins, Miss Alice Whiting, Miss Rebecca Wilmer, and Miss Helen Ernst, and Mrs. Frederick Atherton were at the tea table.



MY TURN THIS TIME, SHE BELONGS TO THE ARTIST'S UNION.

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Heard Call of Opportunity When It Bade Her to Come to the Stage.

venture," that dramatization of "Buried Alive," which delighted so many people early this season. The Paris she seems to have been mostly identified with have been what she calls "mothering" parts. The new creation—the part of Jenny Brown in "What's Wrong?" is another of the same type. And she likes it. She likes these parts—those she sighs when she tells you she does—and glances at the mirror in a sad sort of way. She once had an ambition to play Lady Macbeth—she still thinks it one of the greatest parts ever written. But when she thinks of it she goes to the mirror, gazes, and resigns herself to her fate. Miss Beecher is young, and despite her protestations, she is beautiful. In addition to this, Miss Beecher is possessed of more than the average assortment of brains and muscles. More than the average quantity of perception. She is a delightful person to talk with, because she can talk of so many things. Being a member of the Society for Physical Research, she has delved into the mystic as well as the material things of the world. She would know—but, of course you've guessed that. Miss Beecher is from Missouri.

GIVES MOTOR PARTY

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Mrs. Rose Davis, of 130 Fourth street northeast, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Cathan, of St. Michaels, Md., for the last week, and will spend the coming week in Baltimore.

A large and fashionable gathering witnessed the presentation of "The Mystery of the East" for the benefit of Neighborhood House last night. Not one knew quite what it was all about, but it was very entertaining, with low lights and much incense in fact, very much the "Mystery of the East."

Mrs. Walter DeWitt received the guests, who were met by a bevy of young women in fascinating Persian and East Indian costumes selling cigarettes and matches. These young women, with a group of gorgeous attired men, presented a most Oriental picture.

The Silver Lining

Edited by ARTHUR BAER.

Mexican war is a splendid institution. Crowds Becker off the front page. Fall to approve of the House voting by electricity. Secretary Bryan may again repose accidentally upon the button.

Or the wires may get crossed instead of pulled.

THE OLDEST INHAB SEZ.

"You can't blame nature for th' use some folks make of red roses."

The present President of Salvador is for mediation. Haven't heard from yesterday's President. Will wire tomorrow's President. Got to get this matter straightened out.

Banner run in winter wheat. Six hundred and thirty million bushels. Which is a banner that even Mexico will salute.

"The Embargo," by Bryant, was sold for \$2,450. Senor Villa is willing to pay more than that for the "Embargo" by Bryant. But it may not be lifted.

Italy has agreed to exhibit at our Panama-Pacific Exposition. Sorry we cannot do something to show our gratitude, but we are all out of canals.

Spectrograms taken at Lowell Observatory show that Mars is enveloped by a watery vapor. Thought the fleet was in Mexico.

Can't see why we are rushing troops to Funston, unless it's to protect the Mexicans.

Anti-suffragists will wear red roses today, proving the old adage that every rose has its thorn.

Rhinoceros charges American millionaire in Africa and fails to scare him. What the rhino should have done was to overcharge him.

Two Members Chosen for G. W. U. Honor Society

The names of Randolph C. Shaw and S. P. Jones are today added to the rolls of the exclusive Pyramid, a secret honor society of George Washington University. Founded in 1898, the society has taken in but few members each year. Only achievement in several of the various lines of college activity have enabled the nineteen members to win the honor. The names of the two initiates were announced to the public at the annual banquet held at the Powhatan Hotel last night. Howard W. Hodgkins acting as toastmaster. Among those present were: Graduates, Duncan C. Smith, active members, J. Norman Taylor, Alvin McC. Brown, Donald L. Dutton, M. Gordon Slaters, Harry G. Behman, initiates, Randolph C. Shaw and S. P. Jones.

Officers of the society are: President, M. Alvord Gore; vice president, Alvin McC. Brown; secretary, treasurer, Donald L. Dutton, and historian, Howard W. Hodgkins.

Story for Children.

Miss Mildred Anderson will tell the story of "Aqua, the Water Child," to the children in the weekly story hour at the House of Play this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Meetings, evening: Knights of Pythias—Monthly meeting of relief bureau. Odd Fellows—Canton Washington, No. 1. Patriarchs Militant. National Union—Columbia Council. International. Commission hearing in oceanline floor, New Willard.

Amusements.

Belasco—"Within the Law," 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. National—"What's Wrong," 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Columbia—"Bunny Pulls the String," 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Polka—"Bought and Paid For," 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Keith—"Vandeville, 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Cosmos—Vaudeville, 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Casino—Vaudeville, afternoon and evening. Gayety—Burlesque, 2:30 and 8:30 p. m.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WA

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that one of the baseball pitchers was quite promising but lacked control and she certainly hoped he would learn to keep his temper and not allow it to interfere with his success.

Mrs. John A. Logan, president of the board of lady managers of the Garfield National Memorial Hospital, and the ladies of the board are making arrangements for the annual chicken dinner to be given at Great Falls, Va., on May 23, for the benefit of Garfield Hospital. Tickets may be secured from the members of the board or from Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker, secretary, 322 Thirtieth street northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Beecher Stowe, of New York, arrived at the Shoreham yesterday.